fightes as you ſing pricke-ſong, keepes time dyſtance and proportion, reſts me his minum reſt one two and the thirde in your boſome, the very butcher of a ſilken button, a Duellift a Duelliſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of ſuch limping antique affecting fantaſticoes theſe new tuners of accents. By Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graund-ſir is not this a miſerable caſe that we ſhould be ſtil afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhionmongers, theſe pardonmees, that ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſitte at eaſe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fiſhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypſie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harletries: *Thiſbie* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curteſie to your French ſlop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yeſternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The ſlip the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a caſe as yours wil conſtraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moſt curteous expoſition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt worne

worne out thy Pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn the ieſt may remaine after the wearing ſolie ſinguler.

Rom: O ſingle ſoald ieſt ſolie ſinguler for the ſinglenes.

Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and ſpurres, ſwits & ſpurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgooſe chaſe, I haue done: for I am ſure thou haſt more of the gooſe in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the gooſe.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom: Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter ſweeting, a moſt ſharp ſauce

Rom: And was it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that ſtretcheth from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I ſtretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee faire and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou ſociable, now art thou thy ſelfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldſt haue me ſtopp my tale againſt the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldſt haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Mer: A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.

Ben: Two